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## Adventures of Tad; —OR THE— HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,  
AUTHOR OF "PUPPER ADAMS," "DOWN OUT  
TO SEA," "TALL CHAFFIN," ETC.  
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Published by Special Arrangement.)

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUDED.

Tad knew nothing about playing a  
trumpet, and he had it would have made  
no difference, owing to his primitive  
fishing tackle. He pulled vigorously;  
so did the trout, and "snap!" went the  
end of the line, leaving Tad in a  
mad frenzy of excitement, with three-  
fourths of the rod in his hands, dan-  
gerously close to the rocks.

Joe was equal to the situation.  
Dropping his own pole, he made a dive  
for the broken fragment, which was  
floating in sight. Gathering the slack  
line carefully in his hands, a vigorous  
tug landed high and dry the largest  
trout ever caught in Mill brook.

"There," Joe exclaimed, as Tad re-  
garded his prize in an amazement too  
deep for words, "you've caught the one  
real trout you've wanted to—now, I  
guess you'd better be getting home,  
without doing any more fishing."

"All right," returned Tad, mourn-  
fully, "but you caught him, after all,  
Joe." But Joe stoutly asserted that  
Tad looked him first, while he—Joe—  
only helped to bring the big fish safe to  
land. And, in the discussion of the ex-  
citing episode, the walk home was ac-  
complished in a surprisingly short time.

Tad's big trout was baked for sup-  
per, and it was generally agreed by the  
four who partook thereof that the flavor  
was particularly fine. Tad himself se-  
cretly thought he had never eaten any-  
thing so delicious in his whole life. But  
it is not unlikely that the knowl-  
edge that he himself had furnished this  
important adjunct to the evening meal  
gave it an additional relish for Tad.

By this time Tad had begun to feel  
very much at ease with these quiet,  
home-like people. As they gathered  
about the open fire-place, with the  
smouldering back-log, after the tea-  
things were cleared away, and the big  
kerosene-lamp was lighted, he opened  
his heart to the kindly questioning  
and spoke freely of his past life. There  
was really little or nothing to keep  
back, for, as I have said, outside the  
memory of his mother's teachings and  
a natural uprightness of character, Tad  
had escaped the evil ways which in  
homeless, fatherless boys he had to fall  
into, and, though he had faults in  
abundance, he was, on the whole, a  
more upright young fellow than many  
whose surroundings and advantages  
had been far more favorable than  
Tad's.

"So you're to begin ship's duties to-  
morrow, Miss Smith?" "Yes," Tad re-  
marked, the Captain, thoughtfully,  
to break a little silence which had fallen  
upon the group.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I  
do hope she'll like me."

"She'll be hard to suit if she don't,"  
retorted Mrs. Flagg, clicking her ros-  
es emphatically together as they  
flashed in and out of the meshes of a  
blue yarn sock that she was knitting  
for the Captain. For the good lady,  
whose heart was large enough to take  
in at least half a dozen motherless boys  
and girls, had begun to regard Tad  
with considerable favor.

"I know she'll like you," said Polly,  
confidently, as she looked up from the  
fascinating pages of "Little Women,"  
which she was reading for the first time,  
while Bounce, slumbered peacefully in  
her lap.

"You just go on and do your duty  
unto Miss Smith, according as you'd  
have it done to you, Tad," remarked  
the Captain, oracularly, "and you  
needn't have no fears. Miss Smith,"  
continued Captain Flagg, with upraised  
finger to command attention, "is a  
female that's had a tempestuous 'y' in  
life, as it were, a-fishing of every ex-  
ception she had, which has come to make  
her a little bit of a fish-wife; but she's good-hearted  
and God-fearing; and once you get into  
her good books, you're always there."

"They say she's got a 'ham' sum prop-  
erty that her folks left her—some-  
where high ten thousand dollars," Mrs.  
Flagg observed, in a voice indicating  
considerable respect for the possessor  
of such wealth. For in Bixport the  
person with an unnumbered estate  
and a thousand dollars was "well-to-  
do"; while the owner of ten thousand  
dollars was regarded in the light of a  
millionaire.

CHAPTER X.  
On the following morning, when  
Tad, having opened his eyes to the  
glad sunlight which streamed in at the  
east window of his little room, began  
to pull his drowsy lids together, he  
remembered that it was Sunday.

"They'll want me to go to church,  
and I don't look decent," thought Tad,  
disconsolately with a glance in the di-  
rection of the chair where he had  
placed his treasured clothing the  
night before.

But what was this? A partly worn  
suit of serviceable tweed cloth—the  
very counterpart of that in which Joe  
Whitney was arrayed when he sprang  
aboard the "Mary J.," hung over the  
chair-back. And this was not all. In  
the chair itself lay all the other essen-  
tials of a boy's toilet, neatly folded,  
even to a coarse white linen collar, a  
whisk of black neck-ribbon, a pair of  
but little used lace-up boots, and a  
"second-best" straw hat.

Scarcely able to believe the evidence  
of his astonished eyes, Tad slipped out  
of bed and proceeded to investigate.  
On the top of the pile was a bit of pa-  
per, wherein, in an irregular, boyish  
scrawl, were written the words: "To pay  
for makin' Miss Smith think you was  
deaf and phony! I was a bare—J. Whit-  
ney."

After Tad had gone to bed on the

previous evening, Mrs. Flagg slipped  
over to Deacon Whitney's, and ably  
seconded by the special pleadings of  
Joe, succeeded in enlisting the full sym-  
paties of the family in behalf of shab-  
bily-dressed Tad. Joe's warlike was  
overhauled, and a selection made, re-  
sulting in the surprise to Tad which I  
have mentioned.

"Well, he's what I call a nice-look-  
ing boy," was Mrs. Flagg's inward  
comment, as Tad, with hair neatly  
combed and face and hands scrubbed  
all they fairly shone, came shyly down-  
stairs dressed in his new suit.

Polly smiled upon him approvingly;  
the Captain remarked that he didn't  
know about taking such a dandified-  
looking chap to church along of such  
plain-dressed folks as the Flagg family;  
and Mrs. Flagg gave him a motherly  
kiss.

"That's so much like Joe," laughed  
Polly, as the display of the paper which  
Tad had found with his little gift  
necessitated an explanation of Joe's  
previous performances.

"Always remember," Tad, coun-  
seled the Captain, with grave shake  
of the head, as they sat down to the  
table together, "what Solomon says  
about a wise son makin' a glad father  
—and—no he that is not warned  
thereby isn't wise," concluded Captain  
Flagg, who was somewhat of a little hazy  
in the correctness of his quotations.

After breakfast, the Captain read a  
chapter from the New Testament aloud,  
making comments upon the text, for  
the edification of Tad and Polly, who  
listened with respectful attention. And  
then, after awhile, at the summons of  
the rather musical church-bell, the  
whole family decorously made their  
way to the meeting-house, close by.

The Bixporters were, generally speak-  
ing, a church-going people; and, on the  
pleasant April morning of which I  
speak, the church was well filled.

To Tad's secret joy, Deacon Whit-  
ney's eyes were next Captain Flagg's,  
and soon he had the extreme satisfac-  
tion of seeing Joe fling in ahead of his  
sister, followed by Mrs. Whitney and  
the deacon. Joe sat at the extreme  
end, and thus the two boys were divided  
only by the slight partition between  
the pews.

Joe greeted Tad with a wink, and  
clasping his hands together, rolled his  
eyes upward, as though in rapturous  
astonishment at Tad's festive appear-  
ance.

"I think you're just as good as you  
can be, and I wish I had something to  
give you," whispered Tad, warmly.  
"Oh, that's all right," returned Joe,  
shrugging his shoulders carelessly, and  
a whispered conversation ensued, which  
was only checked by the entrance of  
the minister; whereat Joe, duly admon-  
ished by a poke of his sister's fan, and



"WELL, HE IS WHAT I CALL A NICE-  
LOOKING BOY,"

a glance of mild rebuke from the de-  
acon, reminded him to a temporary at-  
tention, with his hands being plunged  
deeply into his pockets and his eyes  
fixed steadfastly upon good Mr. Allen.  
But I am sorry to say, Joe's thoughts  
were by no means in keeping with the  
place. He was cherishing, and even  
planning, a dire revenge on unex-  
pected Samson Nason—who sat di-  
rectly in front of him, in Miss Smith's  
pew—for what he called her "satellit-  
ing" of the previous day.

The service proceeded in the good  
old-fashioned way peculiar to country  
churches. All denominations wor-  
shipped under the same roof, and Mr.  
Allen's words were but a plain and  
simple talk about the lessons taught by  
One who once walked upon earth, and  
spoke as never man spake. There was  
very much in it that Tad perfectly un-  
derstood, and, as he listened, a dim de-  
sire to fashion his young life after the  
teachings of the great Master began to  
take form in his mind. True, it was  
only embodied in the simple thought,  
"I'll try to be a better boy," yet from  
such beginnings oftentimes comes the  
real success of a true Christian life.

And when the sermon closed Tad felt  
that he should never be tired of listen-  
ing to a minister who made things as  
plain as did Mr. Allen.

Now, it was Samson Nason's in-  
variable habit to sit through the sing-  
ing, while the others rose. "I work hard  
all the week, and I'm going to make  
Sunday my day of rest," said Samson  
once, a little defiantly, "and I guess  
I can worship the Lord as well settin'  
down as standin' up."

As the closing hymn was being sung,  
Tad noticed that Joe, who all through  
the service had kept his right hand  
persistently in his pocket, slowly with-  
drew it, though without removing his  
eyes from the pages of the hymn-book,  
and, seemingly holding something in  
his grasp, slipped his closed and quiv-  
ering hand along the ledge of the pew before  
him, till it was in close proximity to  
the back of Miss Nason's neck. Then  
he stole a sly glance in the direction of  
his father and mother, who were too  
latent upon following the words of the  
hymn to heed anything else.

Joe's eyes were as clear and sweet as  
the notes of a woodland bird; to notice  
the movements of their son. "Slowly Joe's  
fingers nudged, and after a moment  
his hand stole back to a place beside his  
elbow.

"Now what is he up to?" thought  
Tad, stirred by the shadowy grin on  
Joe's features. And, following the  
direction of his friend's eyes, Tad's un-  
spoken question was answered. Clun-  
sily clambering over the back of the  
pew, Tad saw that Miss Nason's neck  
was a brown wood-beetle, as big as  
the end of Tad's little finger. But be-  
fore he could decide what to do Miss

Nason bounced to her feet with a stifled  
exclamation, and clutched frantically  
at her back hair. Unfortunately she  
caught hold of the innocent beetle in-  
stead, and, giving vent to a shrill  
scream that made the rafters of the  
house ring, she threw it violently from  
her, to the great consternation of  
every one in the house, many of whom  
laughed Miss Nason had discovered a  
mouse in the pew.

Mr. Allen pronounced the benedi-  
ction and dismissed his congregation.  
And naughty Joe Whitney, holding his  
cap before his face, choked and gasped,  
in the agonies of suppressed laughter,  
all the way to the door.

CHAPTER XI.

The promise of April had given  
place to the fulfillment of June, filling  
the air with summer sunshine and  
beauty. Tad, under the supervision of  
Miss Smith, whose angular features  
were shaded by an immense garden-  
hat, was weeding the pansy-bed in the  
front yard. Miss Smith, who was a  
great flower-lover, made somewhat of  
a specialty of cultivating sweet-peas  
and pansies, which she gave away in  
beauty, with a liberal hand.

You would hardly have recognized  
Tad in the brown-faced boy, in blue  
overalls, bending lovingly over the  
quaint, upturned flower-faces that  
peered into his own. He had taken to  
his new vocation with surprising real-  
ness, and Miss Smith secretly congrat-  
ulated herself on having at last found  
a boy after her own heart, though she  
seldom allowed her satisfaction to show  
itself in the form of words.

"Here comes that Forrest chap  
again," muttered Miss Smith, discon-  
tentedly, as the gleamed covert of an  
elaborately-dressed young man, who  
was sauntering along the elm-shaded  
street; "I wish he'd kept away about  
his own business, and not come idling  
round, taking your attention off'n your  
work."

For Mr. Paul Forrest was one of John  
Doty's city lecturers, who had scraped  
an acquaintance with Tad very soon  
after coming to Bixport. He seemed  
to take a singular interest in Tad,  
which, as he explained to Miss Smith,  
arose from the boy's strong resem-  
blance to his youngest and only brother,  
who had died a year previous to the  
last one, carrying with him a family  
of seven," he said, with a sad smile.  
For Mr. Forrest did a great deal of  
smiling, first and last; and, curious  
enough, Tad, in some vague way, was  
reminded by it of the genial Mr. Jones,  
whom he had met in Boston, before  
coming to Bixport. Of course, this  
was simply an absurd fancy on the  
part of the fraudulent Jones, who was  
a smooth-faced young man, with gold-  
tipped teeth—while Mr. Paul Forrest  
sporting a very glossy black mustache,  
that had a purplish tinge in certain  
lights, and the whitest and most even  
Miss Smith could ever have seen outside  
of a dentist's establishment; neither was  
the little bluish scar visible upon Mr.  
Forrest's white forehead, that Tad had  
noticed upon the intellectual brow of  
Jones. Yet, all the same, he often un-  
consciously connected the two in his  
mind, even when he laughed at his  
own folly in so doing.

"Miss Smith, good-morning—Tad,  
my boy, how are you?" exclaimed Mr.  
Forrest, with his effusive smile, as he  
looped lightly up the garden-path, and,  
with a coolness peculiar to himself, sat  
down on the edge of the garden piazza.

Miss Smith, who had been rather pas-  
sionately interested in the conversation  
of the minister; whereat Joe, duly admon-  
ished by a poke of his sister's fan, and

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ished by a poke of his sister's fan, and

"Come into the house after you get  
through weeding, Tad; I want you,"  
said Miss Smith, stalling past the un-  
happily Mr. Forrest, who sat quite at  
his ease, with the ivory head of his cane  
balanced upon his knee.

"Yes'm," was the meek reply, and  
Tad silently continued his work, wish-  
ing that Mr. Forrest would go, for he  
was very well aware that Miss Smith  
did not at all approve of the gentle-  
man's frequent visitations.

In a small village like Bixport, where  
every body's business is public prop-  
erty, the story of Tad and his traveling  
sachel was generally known, as was  
also the fact that no attention had ever  
been paid to Captain Flagg's advertise-  
ment. So it was not strange that Mr.  
Forrest should be in possession of the  
same knowledge. He had referred to  
the matter casually in conversation  
with Tad, declaring that it was a mighty  
interesting incident in real life—come,  
pew!

"So you never opened the little all-  
igator-skin sachel, to see what was in  
it—eh, Tad?" suddenly asked Mr. For-  
rest, after a short pause.

"Why, no, sir! I haven't a key—  
and, if I had, I don't think it would be  
just the thing, either," replied Tad, a  
little surprised at the unexpected ques-  
tion.

"Oh, I don't know," remarked Mr.  
Forrest, coolly; "there might be some-  
thing in it that would give you a  
clue to the real work."

"I think I'll try to do that," said  
Tad, cautiously, for he was not quite sure  
that it would be just the right thing to  
do; and, moreover, he wanted to ask  
the advice of Miss Smith, in whose  
good judgment Tad had the firmest con-  
fidence, before taking any such decisive  
step.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]  
"I will not write any more," said  
a friend in closing her letter, "for  
there is a pudding in the kitchen  
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Clarksville, - Tennessee.  
Cash advanced on Tobacco in store, or in the hands of responsible  
farmers and dealers. All Tobacco insured while in store at the expense of  
owner, except where there is no advance, and then without written orders  
not to insure.  
11-30.



Father E. J. Durbin, the oldest Catholic priest in the U. S., died at Shelbyville Thursday, aged 87.

Columbus Richardson, aged 30, was crushed to death by a saw log in Harlan county Wednesday.

Sam L. Isbell is a Democratic Prohibition candidate for the Legislature in Fulton county.

Only 12 out of 116 houses of Covington burn gas, owing to the high price charged.

The female college at Franklin burned Thursday. The pupils all escaped. No insurance on the building.

Mrs. Patsy Bugg, living near Fulton, is 101 years old. Up to last spring she traveled on horseback but now when she goes about she has to ride in a buggy.

Wm. Bates, ex-deputy U. S. Marshal, shot and killed a man named Cheney, in a row over a game of cards, at the Hot Knut, Whitney county, Wednesday.

The distillery of W. R. May, Letchfield, was burned Wednesday. 17 barrels of whisky were burned. The loss was \$2,000, with no insurance. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Carter H. Harrison has been again nominated for Mayor by the Democrats of Chicago and was finally induced to accept the nomination after he had made a speech declining it.

Connecticut had sixteen inches of snow last week while the people of Florida were eating green peas and ripe strawberries. Truly this is a great country and covers a good deal of ground.

Lillie and Kate Davy, making a continental tramp from Rochester, N. Y., to Calgary, Canada, to meet Lillie's sweetheart, have reached St. Paul, Minn., and been taken charge of by the Relief society.

This time it is not one of Napoleon's body guards but an Austrian soldier who fought him in the wars of 1797 and 1805. John Kueper, the dispatches tell us, died at Luzerne county, Pennsylvania last Wednesday, aged 108 years.

Geo. C. Duguld is a candidate for the Legislature in Calloway county. If Mr. Duguld can run backwards and forwards with the same facility that he can spell his name from either end he ought to be elected by a big majority.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad has notified the newspapers that no press passes will be issued over its lines outside the limits of one State. This is supposed to be in accordance with the provisions of the little-understood Inter-State Commerce law.

Oscar S. Strauss, of New York City, has been appointed Minister to Turkey, vice S. S. Cox resigned. He is a Jew and has for years been a prominent business man and during the last campaign was President of the New York business men's Cleveland and Henderson club.

Winfield Hancock, a Florida crank, called at the White House last week to assume the Presidency in accordance with the will of the people as he understands it and was turned over to the tender mercies of an unfeeling policeman, by the heartless usurper who is filling the office.

The czar of Russia has been notified by the nihilists that fifty men have been appointed to take his life. About the best thing Alex. can do is to make his will and stay close at home. The following extract will indicate how they do things in Russia: Eight men and three women have been successors to Peter the Great on the Russian throne. All the men except the present ruler died violent deaths and two of the women were strangled. Catherine the Second, the great Empress, was the only monarch who has sat upon the throne since the death of Peter the First who died a natural death. Peter the Great in a fit of anger slew his own son who was heir-apparent, and it is not probable that the present Emperor will die with his boots off.

Scribner's Magazine for April opens with the first installment of the long-expected "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray," which more than justify the great interest aroused by their announcement. These letters were written chiefly by Mrs. Brookfield who is still living in London, and her husband, the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, who were among Thackeray's most intimate friends, and they are marked by a freedom that is simply charming, while in no case do we feel that anything is made public which should not properly be revealed. The great novelist's overflowing humor is everywhere apparent in the letters, they abound in shrewd and wise observations on men and things, and are especially interesting for their allusions to literary matters, and to Thackeray's own works in particular. Some of the letters are embellished by original sketches, the reproduction of which adds much to the interest of the publication, and there are many other illustrations, including a full-page portrait of Thackeray from the painting by Samuel Laurence.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Blaine has started on a tour of the West.

Amos Johnson, colored, was legally executed at Memphis, Tenn.

Anthony Kullom, of St. Louis county, was dangerously shot by his son.

An unknown girl was found murdered on the highway at Itaway, N. J.

Further testimony was taken in the Haddock murder trial at Sioux City yesterday.

A telegraph operators' strike is threatened at Ogden, Utah, on the extra pay question.

John A. Haddock is on trial at Sioux City, Ia., for the murder of Rev. Geo. C. Haddock.

It cost Rev. Richard Hightman, of Audubon, Mo., \$37.05 to kiss a member of his flock.

Chicago's pork-packing statistics show a decrease of half a million hogs slaughtered the past year.

Another ten million 3-per-cent bond call has been made by the government, maturing May 1 next.

Another telegraph accident occurred at Leticia, O., in which one person was killed and a large number injured.

William Dunlap, a fireman, was killed and several others injured in a collision on the Jersey Central railroad near Rockport, Pa.

President Cleveland has announced the members to the Inter-State Commerce Commission to Washington for the purpose of organization.

The farmers of the Nineteenth congressional district held an institute meeting at Mt. Vernon yesterday. The meeting continues to-day.

New Orleans exports for the month of February reached \$8,602,085, nearly double either Boston or Baltimore for the same month.

A child of Mr. Russell, of Bates Co., Missouri, fell down a well which had been drilled in a rock and starved to death before it could be reached.

C. M. Thompson has been arrested at Muskegon, Mich., charged with bigamy. He is accused of having four living wives—three of them in Ohio.

Maj. Richard H. Sylvester, of the Washington circle, formerly of St. Louis, is a candidate for Secretary of the Inter-State Commerce commission.

Vincent de Bauerfand, an Austrian who served under Kosuth in the Hungarian revolution and came to this country as an exile, died yesterday at Rolla, Mo.

A bill has passed the Wisconsin assembly requiring railway companies to furnish annual passes to legislators, state officers and members of courts of records.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

Toleno, O., Jan. 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure. If they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,

L. L. GORRUCH, M. D., Office, 216 Summit St. We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

## THE CHINESE PLAN.

One Thousand Tramps Caught in an old Building and Buried.

## Injustice to Railroads.

It may be stated as a fact that nothing has done so much towards developing the resources and promoting the prosperity of our country as the railroads. Wherever the iron horse has putted and sported his way to the front countries have been developed, cities have sprung up and increased prosperity has gladdened the hearts of the people. Twenty years ago Hopkinsville was a small and insignificant country town, with 1200 or 1500 inhabitants. Our railroad came and we began to step to the front, and now we occupy a place among the live and growing cities of Kentucky. We have a fine tobacco market, flouring mills to convert our grain into flour and a market for the surplus, facilities for shipping our produce of all kinds away and for bringing to our doors the thousand and one articles needed for our consumption. Christian has had his coal mines opened and developed, many of his broad acres turned into grazing lands for fine blooded stock, and Hopkinsville has within five years shaken off the accumulated dust of ages and we behold a beautiful, prosperous, booming city with over 6,000 people in its limits and half as many more in the suburban towns. Our coal was laid down at our door last winter for 8 and 9 cents per bushel, cheaper than we have ever been able to get it before. All these benefits have been brought to us by our railroad, while the debt incurred in its building has been steadily growing smaller until we owe now only \$68,000, which amount will be paid off entirely within the next five years. It is true that we have not had the advantage of being a competing point, but we have prospered nevertheless, and the railroad has been our friend and deliverer. For this we ought to be grateful and looking at the matter in this light we desire to protest against the injustices done to railroads in general and our own in particular, in more ways than one. It is popular nowadays for demagogues to cry down "monopoly" and "outrageous corporations" and this spirit has led to a persecution of railroad companies and the enactment of all kinds of laws to harass, burden and annoy them in their legitimate business. This spirit led to the passage of the Inter-State Commerce bill, a law without a single feature that is not obscured by half a dozen serious faults. A law that will surely prove to be a gigantic failure and will become odious not only to the railroads but to the great masses of people in the interior States who will be oppressed by its unjust provisions. It is not only by unfavorable legislation that railroads are harassed, but they are a constant target for damage-seekers in the courts and are forced to employ counsel by the year to protect themselves in every town from those who imagine themselves damaged to the extent of thousands of dollars when dimes and cents would cover their real losses. Some old bummer will fill himself full of rot-gut whisky and spread himself out on the track some dark night and because a train running on its own track, built on its own right of way, chances to cut him in two, his widow files to the nearest court and sues the railroad company for \$10,000 or \$20,000 damages. The switch-tailed fly or scurvy beller turned out to graze on the railroad's property, is run over and killed and is at once transformed into a blooded mare or registered Adeney and a fabulous compensation is straightway demanded. These are but samples of the kind of litigation the railroads have to contend with here as well as elsewhere. And in closing this article we want to say a word about the systematic robbery of the cars on the track of the L. & N. railroad that has prevailed in this city for months. Coal cars have been almost unloaded by thieves in many instances and coal has been even stolen and hauled off in daylight. This stealing became so burdensome that the railroad company has kept a special detective here for a month to break up this business and we are gratified to note that several thieves have been indicted and one or two convicted. We hope to see every one of them punished severely and it is the duty of the city government to see that the property of the railroad is protected better in future, even if it is necessary to double the police force.

Wives! Mothers! Daughters! BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN! A lady who for years suffered from the Troubles, Prolapsus, Leucorrhoea, Suppressions, &c. so common among our Wives, Mothers and Daughters and had despaired of being cured, finally found remedies which completely cured her, after all else had failed. Any lady can use the remedies and cure herself, without being subjected to a medical examination. From gratitude she will send FREE receipts, Treatise and full directions sealed. Address (with stamp) Mrs. W. C. HOLMES, 658 Broadway, N. Y. (Name paper).

An advertisement of the Evansville Commercial College appears in our columns this issue. This institution has been before the public for many years and as an evidence of its success is still in successful operation and increasing in popularity every year. Prof. S. N. Curnick is at the head of the college, and his practical experience and acknowledged ability render him fully competent to conduct a business college of such capacity. The number of students at this season is unusually large, and Prof. Curnick expresses himself as pleased with the reputation the college has made for thorough training, and says it shall continue in the future as in the past to turn out only those competent to sustain the good name of the college. Any young man who is in need of a commercial course could do no better than to attend this college.

## CIRCUIT COURT.

Fifteenth to Nineteenth Days.

Judge Grace resumed his place on the bench Friday.

Wm. Western, col., was found guilty of stealing coal, but under 11 years of age.

Turner Baker, col., the sick young fellow who swindled a number of citizens last fall by selling second clothing for them and pocketing the money, was released, as the law did not cover his case.

John Hickman, coal thief, was tried and given three months at hard labor.

A motion was made yesterday for a new trial in the Jeff Stevenson case.

The Reach case was begun yesterday and the following jury empaneled from the regular panel: J. H. Sergeant, S. A. Doss, J. T. Dickette, Jim Andy Boyd, W. C. Cook, Isaac Cook, J. R. Winfree, Ike H. Cayce, J. B. Harrel, M. V. Owen, J. M. Adams, Ben Marvols.

Henry and Townes are counsel for Reach and Garnett and Payne represent the Commonwealth.

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, a Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup and all the cases of the Lungs and Bronchial tubes or air passages, use Dr. Jackson's Lungwort and Wild Cherry. It is an infallible remedy and very pleasant to take, can be purchased at J. H. Armstrong's Drug Store, Hopkinsville, Ky. Price 25 cents 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

Mr. T. G. Hewlett, L. & N. detective, who has been in our midst for some weeks, left Sunday night for Louisville. Mr. Hewlett came to this city purposely to break up the wholesale thieving of coal, and his efforts have been successful in a great measure, although the practice has not been abolished. Quite a number of indictments were found against coal thieves by the grand jury, but trial was deferred until next term. Mr. Hewlett enlisted the interest of the local authorities in the good work, which he hoped they will continue, until the habit of stealing coal from trains will be entirely broken up.

Mr. Hewlett made many friends while here, and by his even temperament and fearless disposition proved himself to be the man especially fitted for the position he occupies. A reward of \$25.00 is offered to any person who will report the name to Mr. Hewlett of any brakeman selling coal off a train to those who would accept the coal from the brakeman can make more by reporting him, a matter worth the consideration of those who are liable to be in a position to know.

C. L. Pearce, H. B. Gruber, W. N. Haldean, D. W. Sanders, C. D. Pearce, J. F. Fletcher and R. W. Meredith have chartered at Louisville, Ky., the Maize Oil Cake Co., with an authorized capital stock of \$5,000,000. Its object is to manufacture food and oil from Indian corn and other grains and fruits.

Three coal barges containing 45,000 bushels of coal were sunk at Henderson.

Jas. R. Kirby, a brakeman on the Kentucky Central, was killed by the car Wednesday, at Cynthiana.

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## EVERY TRAIN FROM THE EAST

BEARS AS PART OF ITS BURDEN

BOXES, BALES AND BUNDLES

OF THE VERY CHOICEST

NEW SPRING GOODS,

bought by us through our resident buyer, Mr. M. Frankel, of Cincinnati, assisted by our Mr. Joe M. Frankel, of this city, both of whom are now in the New York Market.

HUNDREDS OF CASES OF

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks & Furnishing Goods

Have already arrived and are now in stock. All the Novelties, all the Standards, all the Staple Goods. We shall show the largest and most complete line of the above goods ever shown in this city, at prices never before offered so low so early in the season. Call early and secure some of these choice styles at the

"OLD RELIABLE"

M. FRANKEL & SONS,

Nos. 13 and 15 Beard's Block, cor. 8th and Main Sts.,

HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY.

Clothing - Palace,

2 Doors from Bank of Hopkinsville.

NEW FIRM. FINE GOODS.

WE ARE RECEIVING AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDRENS CLOTHING,

made to order, which will fit like tailor-made suits; also a large assortment of Cheap and Medium Priced Clothing, and a fine line of Hats and Furnishing Goods, consisting of

Latest Style Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Etc.

We have on hand a lot of Custom-Made Suits for Jas. Pye & Co., which we will sell at half price. We bought a part of their stock which will be sold regardless of cost, having light expenses and a buyer east who has 30 years experience, we can compete with any city house on prices. We are a new firm and ask everybody to give us a call. We take orders for Fine Suits and guarantee fit or no sale.

Our Motto: One Low Price for Cash. Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

PYE & WALTON,

No. 6 Main St., 2 doors from Bank of Hopkinsville,

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Lowered Prices!

On Standard Qualities of Goods is an item of interest to everybody. We wish to impress on the minds of our readers that with the best qualities maintained our system of buying from manufacturers for SPOT CASH, places us in a position to actually lower prices on goods, and yet realize a fair profit. Ready Cash does for us what cannot be accomplished with a credit system. We do business on strict business principles, thus we keep our stock moving. Our prices sell the goods and new lines of standard qualities at low prices create trade and gives the best satisfaction all around.

SPRING DRESS GOODS! SPRING DRESS GOODS!

Satin Berbers, Fancy Plushes, Combination Suits, French Sateens, Fancy Dress Braids, Silks, Satins, Etc. A look through our stock will convince you that we carry the handsomest line of goods in the city.

Ladies Mulins Underwear.

In this department we are offering some special inducements. Ladies Chemise made out of the best standard muslin and neatly trimmed at 25 cents each. Ladies night gowns at 90 cents; the embroidery on it would cost more money.

Our great Torchon Lace sale still continues. TORCHON LACES 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 inches wide at 10 cents, worth double. Samples sent to your address on application.

METZ & TIMOTHY,

LEADERS AND CONTROLLERS OF LOW PRICES,

GRISSAM'S OLD STAND,

HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KY.

Attention Stock Breeders

My Fine Standard Bred Stallion

BAYWOOD!

Will make the season at my stable in Hopkinsville, Ky., near Laurel's Coal Yard. Season commences March 15th and ends June 15th. Only a limited number of mares will be served. Mares must have a pedigree. Terms: \$10.00 per season, payable during the season. After July 1st, interest will be charged. Mares failing to get with foal can be returned in Fall or Spring season free.

Discription of Baywood. Is 5 years old, 14½ hands high, deep bay with beautiful mane and tail, is perfect in form.

PEDIGREE: Baywood was sired by Blackwood, Jr., recorded 29; he by Blackwood, Sr., by Belmont Haywood dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His second dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His third dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His fourth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His fifth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His sixth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His seventh dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His eighth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His ninth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His tenth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His eleventh dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His twelfth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His thirteenth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His fourteenth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His fifteenth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His sixteenth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His seventeenth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His eighteenth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His nineteenth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His twentieth dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His twenty-first dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. His twenty-second dam was by Edw. G. Haywood. 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